

INDUCTORS WITH HEARTS.

11 Nelson Finds Some Who Are Deserving of Praise.

Year Tales Brought Out by a Five-Dollar Bill.

Take them all in all, the street-car conductors of New York are not a half bad.

Overworked, under-paid, poorly clad, by fed, tongue-lashed, brow-beaten, at the mercy of the elements, and it is infinitely more pitiable the odds of men, patient under circumstances that would infuriate an official, they justly deserve treatment accorded civilized creatures and are entitled to far more consideration than they are known to receive. day's observation has convinced me a bit of cheery thoughtfulness in dealing with this long-suffering and uncomplaining class of bread-winners is not an antecursor of the literati would call ordered civility.

boarded a Sixth avenue car with a sh bath ticket, an L road ticket and a dollar bill in my purse. The conductor did nothing on receiving the bill, or did I until he began to pile up an olla of dimes. My purse is about as of a hunting-cass watch, with as capacity, and the towering silvered me. I ventured to remark that sorry, and received thirty dimes. I as he hunted for more and looked grudgingly at his eyes, that were of that porcelain blue that go with red hair.

recks. So, I don't think I can change it. It like all my small change," he said.

sin I expressed sorrow and asked if could take the L ticket.

to; that'll be all right."

ated to surrender the \$2 bath

but could not allow him to pay my

that's all right," he said again, and I

ed straight into his eyes and whis-

id a thank you. Perhaps some people

a my fellow-passengers, but they were

she-worn assembly and too far gone

gathering to notice the affair.

There are two sides to every question.

It may interest the women who read

the EVANGELIST to know the esti-

me this particular conductor has of us.

"I like your sex," he said when the car

stopped. "And I don't. Lots of the

men are cranky. Yes, and they are

too. They don't treat us like dogs.

they did there would be nothing to

complain of. Most of them seem to think

will disgrace them to be a little civil to

conductor, and so they yell out 'sa-lay'

hen they get to the street corner, and if

car slips past the place they want to

up at the abuse begins."

"What do they say?"

"It is not so much what they say as the

they say it. Generally it is 'Why

don't you let me off when I told you

in a frowning forehead and a face red

with rage. Just as surely as I reply the

read to report me is as certain as the

at that we will pass that flower wagon

read there. If I don't answer I am

called 'Stupid thing,' 'great goose,'

'blockhead,' or 'idiot.'

Generally a woman will get so ex-

ed if carried a block past her street as

attempt to jump off, and there is noth-

ing for me to do but fence her in by tak-

ing hold of the iron window bar. I never

such an angry woman unless she is

unk, but the mere restriction will often

make her furious. I have had my hand

father, an old grandmother and grand-

father and her mother on a salary of \$2.

"I notice this—the public is not over-

generous. Time and again girls and

women get on board without car-fare,

look miserable, and have to get off again.

Nobody offers to pay for them or loan

them the money."

"Are many things left in the car?"

"Everything, even babies. I have

carried off two infants, forgotten by the

mothers, who gave the alarm as soon as

they missed their pets and overtook the

car by telegraph."

"Once I found a black cat in a bag,

but I let her out, for I've had about as

hard luck as I can stand. Then there are

newspapers by the ton, canes, umbrellas

and parasols, a dozen a month; pocket-

books, groceries, meat, eggs, fruit and

sandy, little parcels of dry goods, occa-

sionally a dime or a penny, a knife or a

cigar, books and magazines, cheap

jewelry, handkerchiefs, vials and more

odd gloves than anything else. They all

go to the inquiry office of the company.

The groceries I divide with the driver and

we toss up for the odd pennies."

The Third avenue conductor to whom

I offered the old bill had no change and

ventured the wise information that I

hadn't ought'er get on a car with a bill o'

that kind. There was a look of unmis-

takeable activity in his face. I asked:

"Must I get off?"

"No, no; ride along," and rang his

bell.

The car was crowded and the scrutiny

after me pleasant. In leaving the

car I thanked the conductor, took his

number and said I would send him the

nickel in five minutes. Arriving at the

office I did so. Sent him 25 cents, but

he proudly returned all but the fare,

double surprised at a woman's thought-

fulness. NELL NELSON.

HOW ONE MAN PROPOSED.

Staked His Life Happiness on the

Issue of a Game of Cards.

"I was very much amused at the article

published a few days ago on 'How Girls

Are Proposed To,'" said a good-looking

stranger to a St. Louis Globe-Democrat

reporter. "I think the way I proposed

was unique, and the time and method a

little more novel than the methods the

fellows in this article adopted."

"It was a case of love at first sight, but

the girl didn't know how I felt, neither

I sure that she cared a continental for

me. She was a modest, retiring, bash-

ful little thing, and while I wanted to tell

her how much I thought of her I was

afraid to."

"One Sunday night, the fourth time I

had called, I made up my mind fully that

I wanted her. But she was so shy

I thought it would frighten her away if I

spoke. About 10 o'clock I proposed a

game of cards, and in a joke suggested

that we play for a wager and that she

put up herself against me. She modestly

consented."

"I thought I was going to lose and I

knew if I did it was a last chance, even if

it was a joke. Well, I won, and told her

with a laugh she belonged to me. After

sitting and looking at each other for a few

moments I took her hand and said she

must always pay her losses, and that the

hand I held was mine. She looked at me

with a smile and said quietly:

"Well, if you want it you can have

it."

"I won that girl by a game of cards on

Sunday, but we neither have ever re-

gretted the violating of the fourth com-

mandment. Perhaps my method may be

help some other bachelors."

JUDGE WEST'S DOUBLE LOSS.

The Famous Blind Orator Afflicted

with Lapses of Memory.

Judge William H. West has for years

been known as the "eloquent blind man

of Ohio," and his public utterances long

ago established his claim to the title, says

the Kansas City Globe. Although sight-

less, he gained a rank and reputation of

which any one might be proud.

Now, in his old age, however, he is

called on to endure a great sorrow—the

loss of memory. The other night at

Pittsburg, Pa., he appeared before a

crowded house to address the Western

Theological Seminary students and was

given an enthusiastic welcome.

After an acknowledgment of this com-

pliment he attempted to begin his pro-

posed address, but found that he could

not remember a word. His son was un-

able to give him the cue, for the manu-

script was mislaid.

Observing the predicament of the fa-

mous old orator, the audience struck up

a hymn while the Judge tried to recall

his address. But the words would not

come. Then the organist entertained

the people, and once more the blind man

took the stand, only to fail.

He could not even make an off-hand

talk, as was suggested by the sym-

pathetic audience. Finally his son found

the manuscript and read it, while Judge

West sat by, the picture of despair. He

afterwards came forward and explained

that such a thing had never before oc-

curred to him.

NO KEY TO THE CANAL.

How a Jekyll-Hyde Locksmith Was

Caught in Burglary and Died.

A burglar in a French village got into

the rooms of two men, while they were

absent, and, fastening the door from the

inside, prevented them from getting in

when they came back, says a Philadelphia

Ledger story-teller.

The police sent for the village lock-

smith, but he, very strangely, couldn't

be found, so they burst open the door

just as the burglar got upon the roof of

the building.

He was seen and pursued down to the

street and into a canal. The shock of the

cold bath made him unconscious, and he

died in a short time.

When they washed from his face the

black with which he had disguised him-

self the middle of the village locksmith's

whereabouts was solved. He was the

burglar himself.

MUSHROOMS FOR A DOLLAR.

Cape Codders' Construction of a

Grandfather's Liberty.

Visiting at the Cape, says the Boston

Traffic, Mr. B. one day said to his

grandson: "Are there any mushrooms

about here?"

"A few, grandpa."

"Well, I'll give you a dollar each for

all you'll bring me."

The next day the boy brought in thirty

mushrooms and received that number of

dollars.

The following week B. was leaving the

town, seated by the side of the stage-

driver, whom he found to be, like most

stage-drivers and barbers, very communi-

cative. Mr. B. asked:

"Are there many mushrooms to be

gathered about here?"

"Huh!" said the driver, "they do say

there is some, and I wish I knew 't where

to find 'em, for there's a damned old fool

stays in down here that's payin' a dollar

apiece for 'em."

STRANGE TALE OF A DIAMOND.

After Many Years of Wander-

ings It Turns Up in Chicago.

Wikit Collins's "Moonstone" Re-

valled by this Story of Real Life.

The reappearance and recognition, after

long years of hiding, of a famous diamond

in this city on Saturday last, says the Chi-

cago Evening Post, resulted in the revival

of the story of one of the tragedies of

the early part of the century. The like-

ness of the story to that of Wikit Col-

lins's "Moonstone" does not make it

the less true.

During the Indian revolt and mutiny of

1859 a British troop had been sent upon

an expedition of destruction and plunder

into one of the Indian interior towns. In

the course of a general sacking of the

place an old temple was made the object

of attack, and everything of value was

taken.

A Capt. Hill, of the British Royal En-

gineers, was in command of the party,

and many others participated in the

plunder of the temple. He discovered

and appropriated to himself an immense

yellow diamond, which had served for

centuries as the one eye of the principal

idol.

Plucking the gem from its socket he

carefully concealed it about his person

and forgot it in the carnage and excite-

ment that followed.

All the soldiers who were present at

the time stated that the temple had been

cleared, absolutely, of all the natives be-

fore the place was plundered, and that it

was impossible that any native could

have seen Capt. Hill take the stone.

However, no matter where the officer

wandered after that his steps were

dogged night and day by first one, then